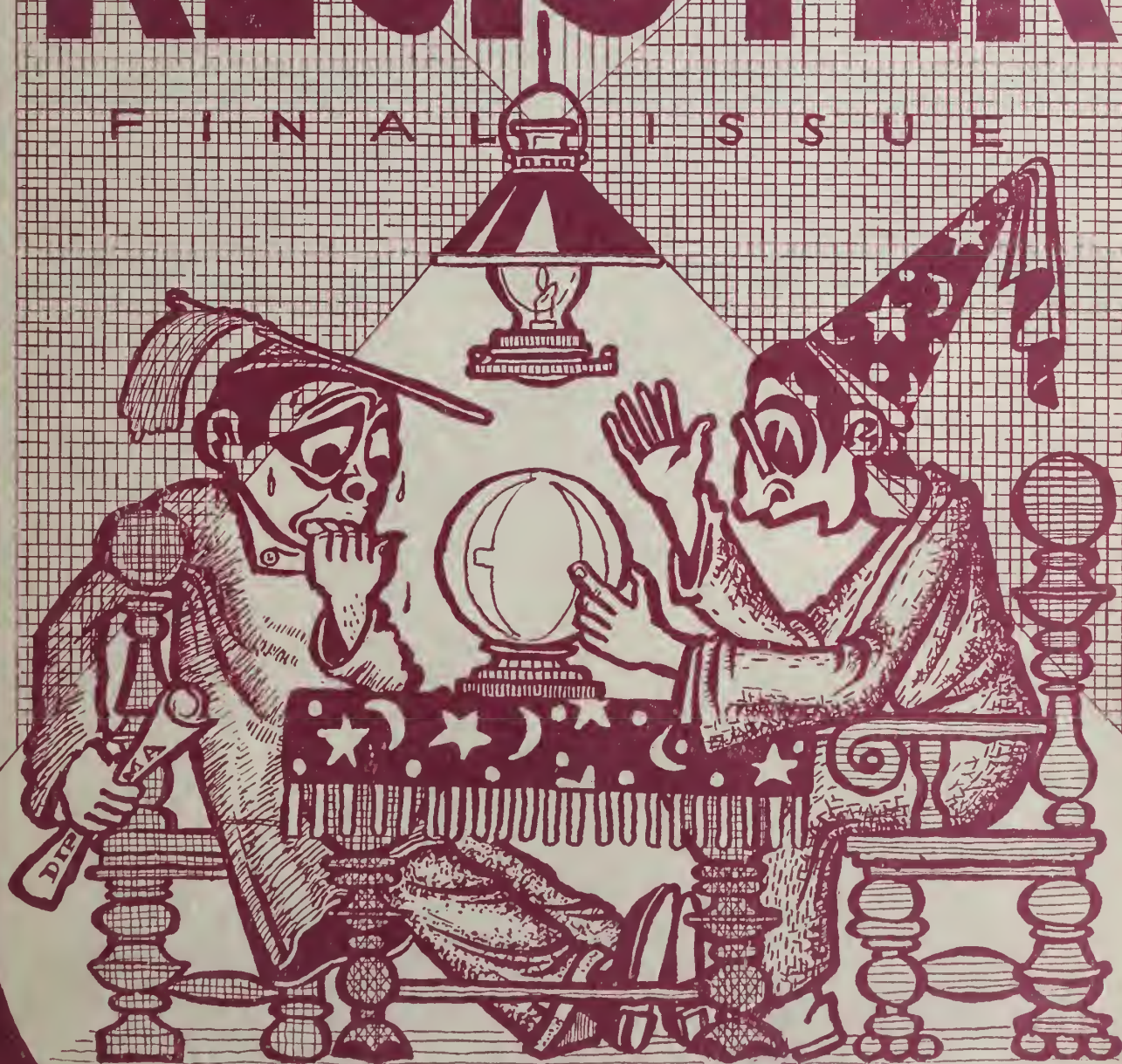


LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

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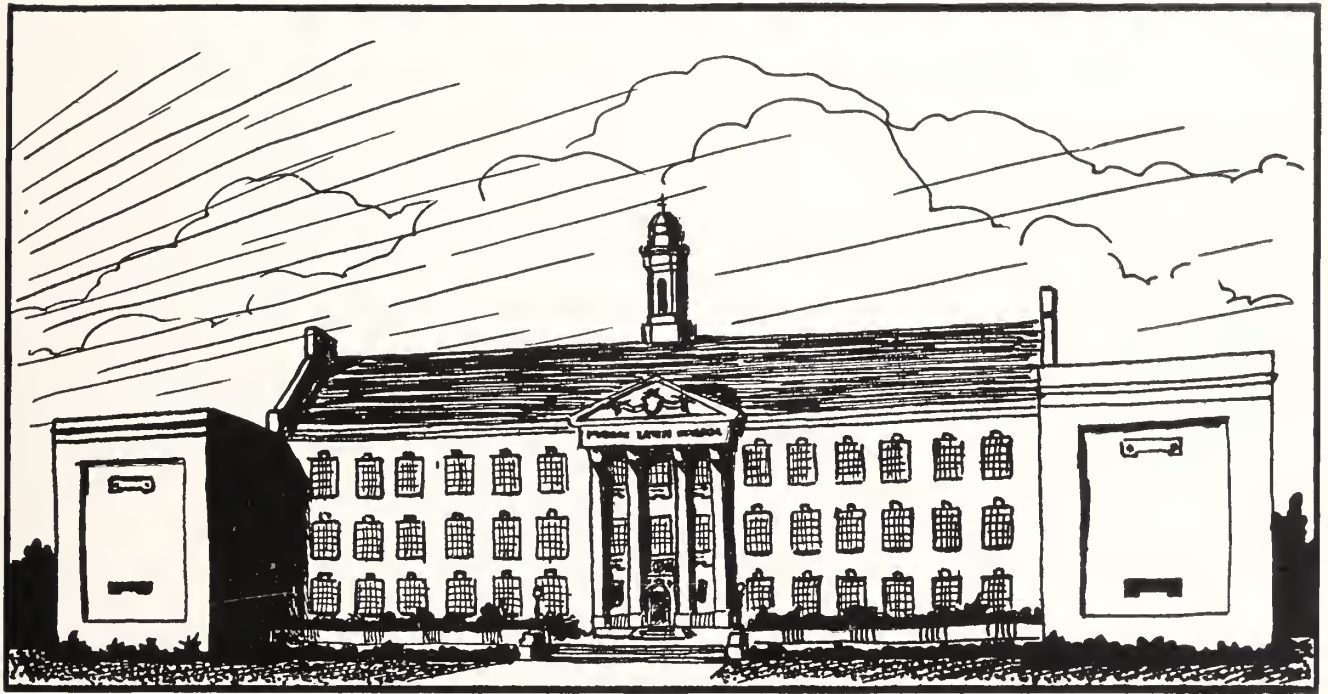


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The Trial

ARTHUR HENRY MARTIN '56

THE DOOR to the shop which the boys rented for a clubhouse was closed and the window shades were drawn. There was no sign of activity or even occupation; but inside, a group of twenty boys sat silently on long benches. One stood uncomfortably in front of a desk, where a young, distinguished-looking man glared at him from behind a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. This was the 'Avenger' Clubhouse, and the boys were gathered to witness a trial. This was, indeed, no law court; for there was but one man serving as both judge and jury—the man behind the desk, Mr. Lawton, who had established the club. He spoke to the tall, red-headed boy in front of him. "Daniel Armand, you are accused of the theft of fifty-six dollars from this desk. As every one knows, you are in charge of the keys in here; that is to say, you lock up everything after every one has gone. This makes you the last one here. You have the key to the treasury drawer; and when the clubroom was empty, you opened that drawer and took the money. When I opened the drawer this morning, the money was gone. The lock had not been jimmied in any way. You're the only one who could have taken it. Now, will you admit it?"

The towhead didn't hesitate in his answer. "I didn't take the money. I didn't even touch it. I had many opportunities to take it, and I didn't. Why should I take it now?"

"But," said Mr. Lawton, "It's known that your family is poor. The money was a great temptation. Now, if you return it, nothing more will be said of the matter. You know how important that fifty-six dollars was to us. We were going to buy equipment for the baseball team. If you have it, please return it."

"I told you," shouted the defendant,



"I didn't steal the money! Why accuse me? You've got to believe me, sir!"

"All right," said the man. "Sit down while I think over what to do about you."

Lawton was greatly disturbed over the theft. It was not just the loss of the money, but the fact that "Danny" Armand, a boy he trusted had taken it. He had started this club to keep boys off the streets. He tried to divert their attention to sports and hobbies. "Danny," he said, "I'm going to have to ask you to resign. It's the only way."

The boy jumped to his feet as if in protest. He opened his mouth, but did not speak. He glanced around at the hard, accusing faces of his fellow-members, shrugged his shoulders, and walked towards the door.

"Wait a minute," said Lawton. "Your membership card, please. You have no further need of it."

Danny fumbled in his pockets for a moment; then he slapped the rectangular-shaped pasteboard onto the desk.

"Mr. Lawton," shouted one of the club members, "may I say something to Armand?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

The club member, Peter Dean, turned sneeringly to the red-headed boy. "Red," he said, "if you so much as speak to one of us, you'll get your ears pinned back. Understand?"

Danny made no reply. He turned slowly towards the door, opened it, and left the clubroom. The boys watched his tall, agile form disappear from view. About a week later; a week of difficulty, what with fights and accusations coming from all directions—it was reported that Danny had run away. "This," sighed Lawton, "only proves his guilt."

It was two months later when his parents moved and shared an ample house with a relative in another city. The pressure of gossip had brought

them to the decision. Some even went so far as to say that his mother, a hard-working scrubwoman, had put him up to the theft . . .

It was early June when a friend contributed a new desk to the 'Avenger' clubroom. It was sorely needed; for the old one was literally falling apart. As the old desk was being carried out, through the large crack in the bottom, a time worn envelope fell out. Mr. Lawton, noticing it, decided it must have fallen through the damaged back of one of the drawers to the bottom of the desk. He picked it up and opened it. "Boys," he cried, "look at this!" In his hand was a dusty envelope containing . . . fifty-six dollars.

Emergence

WILLIAM MANLEY '54

SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL; she was kind; she was popular. She was his first love; but she didn't feel the same way about him. Instead, she was embarrassed in his presence, because—by his actions, reserved as they were—he showed his feelings.

He didn't know when he first discovered his passion. Perhaps it was that beautiful spring morning when he awoke to the realization that she was the perfect girl. Or maybe it was in the fall, when he needed something to brighten the drab school months ahead. He knew that he was not handsome; he was aware that he might meet with a rebuff. Yet he could not fight his emotions.

After she had succeeded in kindly turning his affection away from herself, she still remained an example to him that he was not ready for the great game. Instead of accepting this fact, however, he, like many before and after him, built a shell around himself by telling himself, "I hate girls; I hate girls."

John Winton thus faced the world in his sixteenth year. The shell became harder as he repeated the lie over and over again. As his opinions became known, he suffered the ridicule of his

fellows. How, he wondered, had they been spared his experience? After all, they weren't Greek gods. With such reasoning, John dismissed his first doubts; but, dismissed though they might have been, they came again to plague him.

Then John Winton first noticed Betty Molter. His first impression was that she was a tall, *skinny* girl who did nothing but walk to and from the corner-store all day. Considering himself the girl's sole observer, he was strangely disturbed when he heard boys from the neighborhood mention Betty's name.

"She's the skinniest dame around here," said one. "I bet a good wind would blow her halfway to Mattapan."

"She's not skinny; she's just slim," John found himself saying. "Huh? How do you know? I thought that you were a girl-hater."

John was stunned. Thus, he had revealed that he had been lying to himself. He had no time to talk to these "characters."

"Oh, I just notice things," was all John said as he turned around and hurried away—in the direction of the corner-store.

As he entered, he looked about; but

she was not there. To while away the time, he debated in his mind the merits of the 29c tuna as compared with the 39c can. Soon, he espied Betty. At the sight of the slim figure entering the store, his heart began to pound.

"A package of sugar, please."

John felt a delightful warmth when, for the first time, he heard her voice; it was gentle, as he had expected it to be, and poised—not bold. He grasped a can of tuna and walked to the counter where Betty was paying for her purchase.

"That sugar looks heavy. Would you mind if I carried it home for you?" he asked hopefully.

She smiled, pleased that a boy should show her favor.

Softly she said, "I would be delighted."

They walked out of the store smiling, but feeling a bit awkward.

"Hey, kid," yelled the clerk, as they left the store; "going to pay for the tuna?"

John looked sheepishly at Betty, who was politely restraining a laugh; excused himself; went back into the store; and paid the clerk. When he returned, they both had a good laugh. They were at ease.

After a few moments he found that life took on new meaning. He couldn't imagine why he had been foolish enough to hate girls. "Well," thought John, "I've left my shell behind me. Boy, it's great to be alive."

Forlorn

ARMANDO LoCONTE, '54

There, alone amid a far-reaching field,
Stands an arboreal wreck,
Robbed of its leafy beauty and branches;
And nightly, against the mocking white moon,
It raises its eerie arms,
As if in prayer.

O black, pitiful derelict, you weep,
And, in your pagan way, you pray in vain;
For who can restore your living verdure?
Your needs must slowly waste away
And bear the unkind scorn of nature . . .
No longer are you useful to this world.
For what fool winged Mother
Would make branches her abode?
No longer can you serenade the night
With the whispered rustlings of your leaves
Incited by the gentle winds.
No eyes will rest upon you with pleasure
When harvest season changes the air,
And all about has turned to red and gold.
Poor, pitiful, pathetic remains,
How deeply your sorrow cuts my heart!
The strings of gypsy violins
Could not arouse such pathos in me.

But, wait, abandoned one; I, too, bear like pain;
I, too, feel useless
And lonely!

Aardvarkia, U. S. A.

ROBERT H. LISS '55

In response to the many requests for information regarding membership in the Aardvarks, the Lord High Nasal has graciously consented to allow the following material to be printed. It is hoped that all "possessors of prominent proboscises" in the school will be enlightened as to how they may join the A.O.A.¹

AS SET FORTH in "The Book of Nasals",² all candidates for the rank of Aardvark must possess the following qualities:³

1. *Scholarship*—All candidates must have received at least an honor mark in the Red Cross examination. If one has received only a pass mark, he is required to take the Aardvarkian Board in Military Map Reading.

Attention! (Effective May 1, 1954) Because of the forthcoming Senatorial investigations, the A.O.A. will no longer grant the scholastic privileges usually extended to members of the chess team!⁴

2. *Service*—Perhaps the most prominent feature⁵ that distinguishes an Aardvark from a Commoner is the untiring service which the Aardvarks have rendered to the school. To elucidate:

A. Upon hearing of the National Honor Society's tutorial system, the A.O.A. offered to supply each student experiencing difficulty with the following:

- 1) A three-volume set of "McKay's Interlinear Translations"
- 2) A two-year subscription to "Classics Comics"⁶
- 3) A complete set of sheets to accompany "Ritchie's Second Steps"

B. In an effort to keep the Key Club "wash-your-car" service in operation, the A.O.A. has arranged with the Franklin Park Zoo to have a flock of birds fly over the B.L.S. parking lot.

C. A project, still in the planning stage, is that of the ACFTFOE.⁷ At the present, plans are being drafted for the erection of a

secret stairway from 206, whereby tardy pupils may leave detention "early."

3. *Leadership*—All Aardvarks are leaders! Such projects as being leader of your A.O.A. cell, possessor of your baseball team's equipment, or the first one in your neighborhood to have the new Captain Midnight Super-Ray gun may insure fulfillment of this quality.

4. Needless to say, a prerequisite for membership in the A.O.A. is a nose of unusual dimension. In accordance with the Massachusetts Division of Fisheries, we are obliged to "throw back" all noses under four inches.

In the immortal words of Abraham Lincoln,⁹ "The die is cast!" Now is your chance to join the A.O.A.! Members of B.L.S. desirous of admittance to the A.O.A. should send a character reference and a five-dollar bill¹⁰ to

NOSE

c/o BOX ICU

AARDVARKIA, U.S.A.

Membership closes soon; so rush your . . . er—your application blank at once.

Signed and sealed under the nose of the Grand High Snoot.

NOTES

X¹¹

1. Amalgamated Order of Aardvarks.

2. This book, in Aardvarkia, is comparable to the Koran in Afghanistan.

3. Upon hearing of these desirable virtues, the National Honor Society incorporated them in their organization. It was, however the Aardvarks who originated these qualities.

4. Aardvarkia has never coddled athletes.

5. Other, of course, than his nose!

6. To be found on Page 456 of Webster's Dictionary.

7. Aardvarkian Committee for the Further Study of Engineering.

8. Fortunately, none!!

9. Or was it Henry Clay??

10. Only to cover postal and handling charges.

11. Not being a Latin School boy, the executive makes his mark thus.

The Weasel's Great Bonanza

THOMAS M. HARRINGTON '54

MY NAME IS Willy Heim. I'm a sort of legal adviser and father confessor to a few-odd thousand able-bodied seamen in San Francisco Bay, the busiest harbor in the world. Most of the calls I get are pretty routine stuff: a sailor on a binge has wrecked a saloon and chased out the chorus girls, or some captain wants to sue his mate for running his ship aground. Just when I begin to feel I'm wasting my time and wish I'd accepted my uncle's offer of a job back East, I always run across one of those things that makes maritime law the fascinating business that it is.

A case in point is the call I got from the Weasel two years ago this summer. I'd had to go down to his ship in the harbor, since he hadn't wanted to tell me over the phone what was on his mind. I found him in an unusually gay mood, with a light in his eye and a sureness in his movements that all the booze from the bottles littering up the floor hadn't been able to dull. When he saw me, he leaped up, pumped my hand, shoved me onto his best three-legged stool, and leered at me as only his porcine features could.

"Willie, son, I'm going to let you in on the biggest damned thing since the Klondike . . . I call on you because I need your advice and — well, because you've been such a grand guy over the years."

"Sure, sure. Now suppose you . . ."

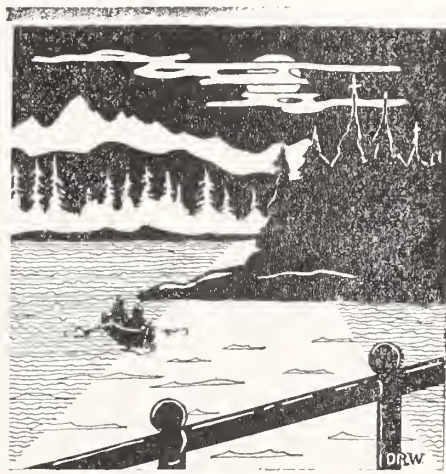
"Believe me, this is the chance of your life. What I've got here is enough to put you and yours in clover for all time. It's the easiest million you'll ever make."

No doubt about it — he'd had a few all right . . .

"Start at the beginning."

"Well, two weeks ago, I was sitting in a bar near the Golden Gate, when along comes this French Canuck, who wants to talk to me in private; says

he's got a big deal on the stove. Well, I ain't one to trust foreigners much, y'understand; but this one looks on the up and up, so I follow him into the back room.



"We sit down, and he starts telling me about a top secret mine up in the far North. Him and two friends of his, so he says, have smuggled out some of the stuff they're mining up there and have got it down as far as British Columbia. He wants me to take him up there and buy the stuff cut-rate because it's so hot. This cobalt, so he calls it, would shake down a fortune in the market here, bein' radioactive or some such. I think it over, and then we shake on it.

"Next night the Frenchie and I leave Frisco. It's a mighty clear night; and since this Canadian smoothie ain't on my crew list, I have to watch out for Coast Guard cruisers. All the time my prize package keeps smoking smelly cigars and pacing the deck. What with all this talk about how rich I'm supposed to get, I've got suspicious; so I've stashed my Sten gun under a roll of hawsers near the wheel.

"A few days later, we stop near a hidden cove the Frenchman shows me, but have to lie offshore until nightfall. This is going to be dangerous business. We get the last few details settled: the Frenchman goes ashore, gets the cobalt; I pay him the dough, which I've already shown him; and then we part for good. I help the Frenchman lower the boat and warn him not to cross me. And so, with a prayer on my lips and the cash in my hands, I watch him nod his head and paddle off into the night.

"In about half an hour, I hear voices out on the water. I yell out; and, sure enough, it's my French customer and his two friends. I help him pull the rowboat in; and, grunting and groaning, they lug a big chest on deck.

"Well, what did I tell you?" says the Frenchman in his snooty brogue. He opens the chest and satisfies me with what I've bought. 'Marcel and I have delivered the goods, no?' Marcel, the ugliest-looking butcher I ever saw, just grunts, '*L'argent; l'argent.*' That suits me. The sooner I get these apes off my hands, the better for all concerned.

"Just as I'm paying off the first Frenchman, the third one steps forward, looks down at me, and grumbles something into his friend's ear. Marcel puts in his two cents' worth, and in a minute they're all three firing away in Canuck French. I can see there's trouble ahead; so I try to sneak back toward the wheel, to my Sten.

"Hey, you!" yells Marcel, waving a huge cutlass in my face. 'Don' move!'

"Now I'm in it. My playmates tell me they can't let me go. I haven't paid them enough. When I show them it's all the dough I've got, the first Frenchman tells me I have to take them farther North. Taking a Smith and Wesson .38 out of his pocket, the third Frenchman sits me down at the wheel and stands guard over me. Marcel and that cussed customer of mine go below and have a hell of an argument about what to do with me.

"Well, as far as I'm concerned, it's now or never. I point out a light on the horizon to my friend with the gun; and when he looks off, I let him have a desperation left to the jaw. He reels, swears, and fires three times over my head, getting closer every time. I whip out the Sten gun from under the ropes; and leaping to my right, I let the Frenchman have it. He falls without a sound.

"Up comes clobber-boots Marcel to the rescue. I yell out 'Marcel! Marcel!'; and, sure enough, the big jerk falls for it and comes running. My Sten gun spits orange; and, pom-pom-pom, another Frenchman bites the deck. Just then I catch sight of the smoothie, crouching behind the kegs at the stern and handling a long knife.

"But I can't shoot him yet. As I've got just one round left, I've got to wait for a better chance. Then he sees me behind the cabin and flips his knife at me. It sticks me in the shoulder, and I go down like a pole-axed bull. He rushes up toward me, another knife in his hand and murder in his eye. I manage to pull myself to my knees and empty my gun right into his pasty face. He lets out a scream, staggers back, and goes overboard. There goes two bits' worth of Frenchman and ten thousand dollars in good American cash.

"When I crawl back to the wheel, I find out that the light I'd shown the Frenchman is a British corvette, bearing down hard. They must've seen the ship's twisting wake and heard the shots during my debate with the Canucks. I turn the boat around and head South fast as I can. They start blinking signals at me, but I don't have a blinkin' blinker to answer 'em with, even if I wanted to. It's all the same. In a few hours I've lost them.

"Yesterday morning, I came limping into the harbor with the cobalt chest. I lay low for a while. When I knew everything was O.K., I called you; and here we are."

The Weasel sighed deeply, leered at

me again, and showed me his bandaged arm.

"What happened to the other two Frenchmen?"

"Threw them overboard."

"And the chest?"

The Weasel got up, made a quieting motion with his hand, and led me to the rear of the cabin. He opened an old cupboard door, and we pulled out the chest. With the trembling fingers of a doting papa, he lifted the lid and

revealed the shiny metal inside.

"Ain't it beautiful, Willie?" he whispered. "Who'll buy it, do you think?"

I put my hands in cautiously and picked up one of the gleaming bars. I looked at it thoughtfully for a moment, then put it back.

"What do you say, Willie?" He was a little impatient.

I was as gentle as possible. "You paid a lot for weighted aluminum."

And a Dime for Dessert

DAVID S. SPIEL '56

YOU HAVE, OF COURSE, heard the sound of hungry students munching, chewing, slopping, and otherwise trying to down a sizable meal in fifteen minutes.—Each day, near noon, the corridors resound with bells, followed immediately by a deafening roar, as of a stampeding herd, in a thunderstorm. Whether Senior or Sixie, every boy, at the risk of life and limb, joins the throng catapulting down the stairs.

Many obstacles raise grim but not insurmountable barriers in the path of the hungry fiends. Lynx-eyed marshals may be avoided by either of two well-known methods: a) If you know him, casually say "Hi!" as you continue on. b) If you don't and you wish to keep it that way, halt! When you are four feet past him, renew your merry way . . . Another dangerous barrier is the company of masters carefully guarding the lines and watching, lest any one enter illegally and/or ask another boy to purchase his lunch (a definite violation of the code).

Once down, one must wait in a line, which moves forward like a retarded worm. As the clock ticks on, the tension mounts, the food grows cold and the cooks' supply of the daily special diminishes so much that yesterday's remains must be substituted; while impatient, growling gluttons stare hungrily at the

more fortunate few who have been served.

Finally, I arrive within inches of the counter. Only then do I cease grumbling and begin to ponder over what I may buy with thirty cents; but it's too late.

Automatically I reach for and place in my tray a bottle of milk. Not until I'm past the milk-container I realize that I dislike milk. The words "Drink milk" have, however, been pounded into my head so many times that buying milk is a reflex. Too late to put it back now.

Do I want the hot lunch? Its appearance and odor are pleasing, but that will use twenty-five of my thirty cents; and my subconscious tells me to snatch a paper plate marked fifteen cents, I continue on.

I pass dry-looking sandwiches, wet-looking soups, and healthy-looking salads. Finally, I come to *it!* There it is, standing on the shelf—looking delectable: a peach shortcake, soaked in juice, drowned in whipped cream, and reeking with a sickly-sweet odor.

Arrived at the cashier's cage I know that I have been infinitely wise in my purchases. The untrained cashier looks dumbly at the tray and consults price-list for each item. Having finally completed his computation, he mutters, "Fifteen, five, and a dime for dessert. Thirty cents, please."

The bell rings.

So You'd Like to Be an Author

NATHANIEL LEFF '55

ANYONE WHO WANTS to write for the *Register* is in for a hard time. To begin with, he must choose a subject. This may be done by (1) satirizing some minor aspect of school life; (2) thinking up a new reason why Latin School is tops; (3) "borrowing" an article from a back issue of a magazine. (Guess which is the most commonly used method!)

As the standard of the *Register* is high, the quality of the article must be correspondingly high. This circumstance means that "blood, sweat, and tears" are not enough; certainly prayer must be added to the list. The would-be author then barricades himself in a room with pencil, paper, and fire-extinguisher. (The latter is used for cooling off any red-hot ideas.) Five hours later, our artist will emerge with a faraway look in his eyes and a lusty cry of "What's for dinner?"

It would be better not to press him for results; for, like all artists, he must be coddled. What's more, he'll be embarrassed because he probably wrote nothing more than the title and his name. The real inspiration will come weeks later in a crowded streetcar or in the middle of a class. (Cicero is especially recommended for the budding satirist). He will then write continually on any and all available scraps of paper. (This procedure explains those queer sentences you've been finding on the margins of your textbook.) Finally, however, he will stop, draw a contented breath, look around him, and probably find he is late for his next class. He has at last finished the "rough copy".

Some time within the next few days, our genius's friends will be shocked to see him using, of all things, a dictionary.

He will be looking up every polysyllabic word in his composition to weed out spelling errors. (Don't think it helps much!) Now is the time when every one joins in the undertaking. Anyone who ever has come in contact with higher education, distant and disagreeable though that contact might have been, will be asked to comment on the piece. (Remember that only favorable criticism is desired.) Even the barber, whose brother went to college for a year, will be asked for his duly considered and thrice-weighed opinion. The "polished copy" will then be completed.

In sudden amazement the author discovers that although he has written a thousand odd words of stylized English prose, he has forgotten a title. The title should be short, you know; but in a few poignant words it should convey the great thoughts contained in the composition. Finally, he will hit upon one, and the search for a typewriter begins. This will change the bedraggled scraps of paper into something readable. Maiden-aunts, casual acquaintances, and former employers will be asked to further English literature by permitting the author the use of a typewriter. A few days after our genius (a hunt-and-peck typist, of course) has tracked one down, he will produce a gleaming page or two of typewritten manuscript. This, then is the creation.

The next morning, with a backward glance to make sure that he is not seen, and despite inner misgivings, he will tiptoe into Room 235 and furtively submit his article to the *Register*.

The decision then remains with the gods . . . and Mr. Marson.

Attack in The Night

ROBERT H. LISS '55

THE INKY WATERS of the dark Pacific lay motionless, save only the ripples which withdrew, as if in flight, from the bow of the oncoming raft. It was still several hours before dawn; and the figures of the three men, huddled together on the raft, appeared grotesque against the dismal sky.

As the party approached the beach, their paddles were withdrawn from the black waters with an almost ominous precision. Silently, under cover of the moonless night, the three slipped into the water and swam cautiously to the shore that lay ahead. They paused as they scanned the beach. Confident that their appearance on the shore had not been noticed, the landing party broke into a run and headed towards the cover of the dunes which dominated the far end of the beach.

High on a dune above the beach, Corporal Choi-lo lit a cigarette, each puff recalling to him the futility of the war in which he was engaged. From his vantage-point on top of the hill, he surveyed the gloomy, windswept beach. Only a few months before, he and his young wife had moved into their new home, on the outskirts of Thue-phon; but, with the outbreak of war, he, like many others from his village, had been drafted into the "People's Volunteer Army." After a final puff, he threw his cigarette away.

The three men, after burying their raft, were moving swiftly across the beach and up the hill, upon which was Choi-lo's sentry-post. With the sunrise only a half hour away, the three knew that speed was of the essence.

To the corporal, dawn meant freedom: for at dawn relief would come, and Choi-lo would be released from his hated watch over the barren beach area. With a hasty and final glance towards the sandy waste below, he turned and started back to his sentry-house—confident that all was well.

His hope of relief from his post was, however, short-lived. Three men had already scaled the sand-dune, and even now they lurked in the shadows about Choi-lo's post. They waited for the



sentry. Silence ruled the dune. Only the shuffling of Choi-lo's feet along the sandy path to the sentry-house was audible. Suddenly the sentry became aware of the men . . . too late. The sickening, muffled scream of one who gasps as he chokes was all that Choi-lo could offer in defense. For a moment he wavered and then fell headlong from the bloody trail to the beach below.

The three turned and hastened to the crest of the hill. Nervously, they searched the beach below for some sign of activity. Several minutes later, from a hidden position at the foot of the beach, came a flashing light. The shorter of the three answered with a beam from his signal light. He smiled as he wiped the perspiration from his blackened face. Lighting a cigarette, he sank exhausted, to the sand. The once barren beach had come to life. Men, machinery, and armament were now being brought to the shore by landing craft. Heavy tanks had already moved over the dune and inland to where the enemy lay.

Choi-lo's body—motionless on the beach—by miraculous luck, had not been crushed by the heavy machines as they moved across the beach. It was not apparent that he had met a violent death, for his body was partially covered by sand. Nevertheless, Choi-lo was dead. He knew not of the battle raging but a few miles inland. The annals of history would not record his death.

The sun had already disappeared

over the dune, and the tide was at its ebb. Gently, very gently it moved out to sea. As it flowed, it carried bits of sand, rock, and Choi-lo's cigarette. Soon the sand and rock were covered by water, and only the cigarette floated above the depths. All was quiet. The waters of the blue Pacific lay motionless, save the ripples which withdrew, as if in flight, from the last remnant of Choi-lo.

Castles

EDWIN A. MURDURTH

(A Parody by Stephen Klass '55)

Whither trills¹ the foss² on such a glinn³ a' this
An' lampers⁴ in mine foudrant⁵ chakes
Without untarnished camber'd⁶ lovers?
Without incandrous⁷ heat a-grating⁸?

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This quatrain is indisputably the best and most sensitive of all Murduth's works, incorporating the fundamental with the ornate in a work that will forever last in English literature.]

NOTES:

1. *trills*—an Old Scottish verb meaning "to step lightly" as in the current Swedish idiom, "tralla".
2. *foss*—this word has been disputed by many translators—one line of thought saying it means "wife"; the other, "spouse". In the face of this controversy, use either, as both conform to the general idea.
3. *glinn*—*mard*.
4. *lampers*—contracted from which is our word "lamp"; therefore, "lampers" has the meaning of "brighten" or "bury".
5. *foudrant*—obviously a pun on "fourdant".
6. *camber'd*—onomatopoeia: the meaning obvious when sounded.
7. *incandrous*—often used adjectivally by early writers.
8. *a-graiting*—if the last 6 letters are dropped and the prefix dropped, an English cognate is easily discernible to the student.

Timber!!

NATHANIEL LEFF '55

Poor little Max has been K.O.ed,
That is to say — been Ciceroed.
Not translation, not syntax
Felled our hero, Little Max.
Opening his locker, without suspicion,
He was snowed 'neath tons of erudition!

Next time (if there is one) Max will know
Never to spurn his Cicero.

The Conqueror

ARTHUR HENRY MARTIN '56

BORTON SAT on the old rocking-chair on the extreme left of the sagging porch. He rocked back and forth slowly, his steely grey eyes staring into nothingness. He sat there in his faded blue denims and stained white T-shirt. His grizzled face was lined with numerous wrinkles; and despite the fact that the lower half was covered by a straggling beard, one could tell by the fine Roman nose and the clear eyes that he was a thinker and an observer. But he was old—at least ninety, probably older. His hands, gnarled and bent, indicated varicose veins. A heavy cane near the chair looked almost as old as Borton.

A sound, faintly resembling the rapid-fire of a machine-gun, drew the old man's attention. He turned slowly towards the dirt road. At first he could not make out who it was; He could only discern a figure on a bicycle pedaling slowly along. Then, as the figure drew nearer, He saw that it was Tommy Criado, the grocery boy and that the rapid noise was made by spokes of wheels rubbing against rubber balloons tied to the bike. Tommy stopped and parked his Schwinn.

Borton rose in eager welcome. No one had come to see him since—was it Monday or Tuesday?—and today was Saturday. Tommy was a short freckled-faced boy, with a continuous leer. He walked up to the old man and jabbed a brown paper bag at him.

"Here!" he mumbled. "These're your groceries. That'll be a buck and a half." The old man nodded and drew a small number of coins from his denim pocket. He slowly counted out the amount, plus a quarter for the boy.

"Gee, thanks, Mr. Borton; you're a great guy!" said Tommy, as he pocketed the money. He turned to go.

"Oh, don't go yet, Tommy," said Borton. "Stay a while and have something to eat. I won't keep you long. I'm sure your boss, Mr. Denton, won't mind. He and I have an understanding. No; good old Pete Denton won't mind."

The boy's face fell. Darn it, old Borton was sure to tell his story, and he'd already told it a hundred times or more; but as he'd been told to be good to the old man, he turned slowly around and muttered, "All right, Mr. Borton—but only for a little while."

The old man nodded eagerly, glad to have even a little company. "Sit down," he smiled, "while I get us some lemonade, eh?" He walked shakily into the house and closed the door behind him. Tommy could hear the icebox door opening. The clink of a pitcher was distinctly heard. Tommy sighed. He looked around at the paint-sore walls and the sagging porch and the windowless curtains . . . He sighed again.

He could imagine just what old Borton would do. First, he'd pour the lemonade, and then he'd sit down in the rocking-chair and say, "Sonny, did I ever tell you how I was the first man ever to fly to the moon?" And then he'd open the old leather-covered scrapbook and show the headlines which had been cut from the newspapers forty years before. They read, as near as Tommy could remember, "Ted Borton reaches Moon" or "Flight to Moon a Success" or "Borton Claims the Moon for Earth." Then he would tell how he saved a comrade from floating forever in space and how he did this and that and the other thing. Tommy had heard the story so many times that he was sick of it. After all, flights to the moon were common now,

and weekly trips to Mars had started just a year and a half ago. Who cared about this doddering old fool with his scrapbook and his useless memories?

The boy could hear Borton puttering around. With a sudden rush of determination, he rose, strode quickly from the porch to his bicycle, and began to pedal away.

Inside the house, Borton heard the noise of the balloons against the

bicycle spokes, walked quickly to the door, and flung it open. The porch was unoccupied. He stood there, staring up at the trail of dust. Then he walked to the old rocking-chair and sat down heavily. He began to rock back and forth slowly. His grey eyes stared into nothingness. A tear started from the corner of his eye and trickled down over his wrinkled face . . .

Blitz over Manchester

LEOPOLD ŠVEIKAUSKAS '55

"Hold on to your wits, and we'll turn the blitz on Fritz."

THESE WORDS were almost as famous in England during World War II as Churchill's famous "V for Victory" sign. Translated from English to American, they mean "Don't lose your sense of reasoning and get panicky; and it'll be the Germans who are the victims of our bombing."

During the war I lived in the English city of Manchester, which, although as big as Boston in population and a center of cotton manufacturing, is thought by most Americans (if, indeed, they have ever heard of it) to be a suburb of neighboring Liverpool. For the first part of the war Manchester, or at least the part I lived in, was lucky enough to escape "saturation" bombing. But some time in the latter months of 1943, I don't remember exactly at what time, when the war was of almost four years' duration, the *Luftwaffe* raided Manchester.

I remember that, a few days before "the big raid", I had been sitting on the curbstone in front of our house and had been watching the Siamese cat belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Lee, who lived across the street. Mr. Lee was about sixty years old, but he still did his little bit for the war effort. Every day, Sundays included, he worked in a nearby ammunition dump. He left for work early in the morning, before we got up, and came home late in the afternoon or in the early evening. Mrs. Lee worked at a local store in the morning and, in the afternoon,

she tended her allotment* and fed the chickens to help supplement the meagre food rations. Since she was alone for half the day, she had bought a cat to keep her company. They gave the cat the best treatment and even gave it part of their limited meat ration. This was the cat I saw.

On the eve of the big raid everything was peaceful, or so we thought. Unknown to us, however, huge flights of bombers, accompanied by *Luftwaffe* fighters, were winging their way across the North Sea with thousands of tons of death-dealing bombs in their hatches. Their destination was Manchester.

In the early part of the evening, just as Mr. Lee reached his home, the air-raid siren sounded. As usual, my mother told me that the noise was just the cows mooing contentedly in their winter pastures nearby, but I was beginning to associate this sound with our hurried flight to the air-raid shelter. On this occasion, however, we were a little late in entering our refuge, because my brother's gas mask didn't fit properly. All we saw across the street was the barest glimpse of Mr. Lee hurrying into his shelter. We stayed in ours for thirty-six hours (that night, the next day, and the following night). On the morning after the second night, at last, the "all clear" was sounded. We had spent thirty-six harrowing hours as blind men—able to hear everything happen, yet unable to see.

I should like to be able to say that everything was all right after that raid, but such was not the case. All over Manchester people were killed, and in that number were Mr. and Mrs. Lee; for a bomb had made a direct hit on their shelter. After furious digging in

the rubble of their shelter, relief workers found their bodies, together with that of their cat. Yes, in Manchester there was grief on the morning after the big raid.

* allotment.....small vegetable plot

In Vain

ALAN FISCH, '55

How swiftly runs the lad
Through the driving rain and sleet —
faster, faster . . .
“There is but little time,” he thinks,
As he dashes up the street —
running, running . . .

Far ahead, he can see it;
Though the weather is not clear —
with mist, with mist . . .
But a man inside observes him,
As he, the boy, draws near —
closer, closer . . .

The watcher waits impatiently,
Until the time is right —
now, now . . .
Then swish! the doors are closed,
And the bus pulls out of sight —
faster, faster . . .



“We boil at different degrees.”

“Raphael paints wisdom, Handel sings it, Phidias carves it, Shakespeare writes it, Wren builds it, Columbus sails it, Luther preaches it, Washington arms it, Watt mechanizes it.”

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1817)
Society and Solitude

“Life comes before literature, as the material always comes before the work. The hills are full of marble before the world blooms with statues.”

PHILLIPS BROOKS (1851)
Literature and Life

Our Lords and Masters



CHARLES K. AVERY

Teaches history, science, and English in 229 . . . Resides in Watertown . . . Married; one child . . . Education: Lasalle University, Chicago; Draughons, Savannah, Georgia; Suffolk University, A.B.; Boston Teachers College, Ed.M.; Boston University, A.M. . . . Spent five years in the southwest Pacific area with the Fifth Air Force . . . Comment: "It is unfortunate that so many boys go through school, yet fail to permit school to go through them."

JOSEPH FRANCIS DESMOND

Latin instructor in 335 . . . Resides in Dorchester . . . Not married . . . Attended Boston College (A.B. '50, Ed.M. '52) . . . Hobbies: Sports in general, especially high school and college hockey . . . Comment: "I'm impressed with the mature intelligence of so many boys in Class I." . . . Advice (To the boys of Class VI): "Stay as nice as you are."



ARTHUR KLEIN

Teaches math in 221 . . . Resides in Newton . . . Married; two girls . . . Harvard (A.B. '32); Boston Teachers College, (Ed. M. '34) . . . Previously taught at Boston Latin School, '35-'40; Boston Technical, '40-'53 . . . Served with the United States Army in World War II as a statistician . . . Hobby: gardening.



Golf

In opening the 1954 golf season, the Latinites easily defeated Roxbury Memorial, 9 to 0, and appeared to be headed for another City Championship. The Memorial golfers, finding themselves too far behind, just about gave up after playing nine holes. Outstanding for Latin were Bob Holtz and John McAuliffe—both boys show much promise of being tremendous assets to the team.

* * * * *

On April 26, Commerce became the next victim, as Latin romped 8 to 1. Holtz and McAuliffe started the match, and played eighteen holes, and once again were very effective. The alternates were Pete Dreven and Joe Keeley, who also played eighteen holes. Vin Keefe and Frank Saponaro played ten.

* * * * *

Trade and English were the next victims for Latin, as the team con-

tinued on its romping pace. It defeated both by the identical score of 9 to 0. That makes two victories over English.

* * * * *

In one of the most important matches of the year, Latin nosed out a highly ranked Technical squad, 5 to 4. Scigliano played his best game; and, aided by Saponaro, he brought Latin one step closer to the championship. One more victory over either Technical or Commerce will give the Purple the title.

* * * * *

In addition to the Boston Conference games, Managers Sortir and Kizner have arranged matches with such teams as Brookline, Governor Dummer, Brockton, and Harvard Freshmen. The remaining Conference matches are against Memorial, May 17; Hyde Park, May 19; Trade, May 24; and English, on the 28th.

Tennis

Latin Romps in Opener

The Purple had an easy time shutting out an outclassed South Boston squad, taking all five possible points. There was hardly any competition as the Latinites took every match in two sets. Bob Watkins moved from last year's third position to first. Both Maury Cerul and his brother Dave displayed excellent form. B.L.S. has one of its best prospects in years, Dave Cerul, who is only a sophomore. Marv

Sezak also deserves a word of praise for his amazing play. Latin went into the match unbeaten in four years.

Scores

Singles

Watkins	6-2,6-2
M. Cerul	6-0,6-0
D. Cerul	6-0,6-0

Doubles

Sezak and Dussik	6-2,6-1
Russman and Rosenthal	6-1,6-1

Purple Topples Brighton

A surprisingly strong Brighton net team gave Latin one of its best contests in the past two seasons, but a superior Purple squad took four of the five points for a four-to-one victory. Although Latin lost its first point of the season, the spirited play was carried over from the first game. Dave Cerul again looked like a champion, this time facing tougher competition. . . Rain has postponed several matches, preventing

Coach Thomas from looking over new prospects.

Scores

Singles

Watkins	6-2,4-6,6-2
M. Cerul	6-1,6-4
D. Cerul	7-6,6-4

Doubles

Russman and Rosenthal	6-1,6-1
Hymans and Dussik	1-6,3-6

Latin Mauls Hyde Park

Led by Bob Watkins, the Purple easily rolled over Hyde Park, 5 to 0. Watkins' sensational play led him to an upset victory over Josephs, who was last year's city champion in singles. Dave Levine, playing his first game, gave Latin extra assurance of a stronger squad next year.

Scores

Singles

Watkins	7-6,6-3
M. Cerul	6-0,6-1
D. Cerul	6-1,6-2

Doubles

Russman and Rosenthal	6-1,6-1
Sezak and Levine	6-1,6-2

Latin Defeats Commerce

Latin continued its winning ways, by defeating Commerce 4 to 1. Maury Cerul, taking Watkins' starting position, played his best game of the season.

Scores

<i>Singles</i>	
M. Cerul	6-0,6-0
D. Cerul	6-3,6-2
Russman	6-1,6-2
<i>Doubles</i>	
Liss and Faggett	2-6,2-6
Ward and Dias	6-2,6-2

Purple Downs Memorial

As the Latin netmen easily defeated second-seeded Memorial, 4 to 1, they just about wrapped up the City Championship. The Latinites won much more easily than they had anticipated. Before the match, both teams were rated about equal; but a superior B.L.S. squad disproved that notion. Maury Cerul again played first singles, and Watkins switched to second. It didn't make much difference, for both

boys had no trouble in defeating the overrated Memorial players.

Scores

<i>Singles</i>	
M. Cerul	6-1,6-1
Watkins	6-2,6-3
D. Cerul	6-3,6-2
<i>Doubles</i>	
Russman and Rosenthal	6-2,6-2
Sezak and Levine	7-5,3-6,1-6

Baseball

Latin Bows in Opener

Latin School's baseball debut was unsuccessful as it dropped a 10-1 decision to South Boston at Draper Field. B.L.S. made it a contest until sixth inning, when Southie scored six runs to take a seven-to-one lead.

The Purple's only run was scored in the first. Veneziano, leading off, was hit by a pitched ball and stole second. "Duke" Shnider walked, and "Boots" Connelly singled, scoring Veneziano. Excellent pitching prevented further scoring in that inning and throughout the rest of the game. Bob McDonald, the starting pitcher, looked impressive, as he allowed only one run and one hit in five innings.

Latin could get only four hits, two of which were made by Connelly. Matt Levine and "Slash" Johnson each had one hit. At present, it appears as if

there's plenty of room for improvement, but lack of practice seems to be the chief cause of Latin's slow start.

	<i>A.B.</i>	<i>B.H.</i>	<i>P.O.</i>	<i>A.</i>
Veneziano cf	4	0	1	0
Shnider 2b	2	0	3	3
R. Levine ss	4	0	2	6
Connelly 3b	4	2	3	0
Johnson lf	4	1	0	0
M. Levine 1b	3	1	10	0
Gill rf	4	0	0	0
Lucido c	4	0	8	1
McDonald p	1	0	0	0
Cogan p	1	0	0	0
Corvi p	2	0	0	1

STRIKE-OUTS

The season opened with a bang, as the pitchers of both teams combined to strike out twenty-one batters. The sad part of it is, however, that fifteen were charged against the Purple.

Purple Edges Brighton

Playing host to Brighton, Latin won its first game of the season by defeating the Orange and Black in a thrilling 7-6 ball game. The Purple won the game in the eighth, when, trailing 6 to 4, Connelly led off with a walk. Matt Levine reached on an error, moving Connelly to second. "Slash" Johnson reached on a fielder's choice, and Connelly scored on a wild throw by the third-baseman. Joe Lucido drove in the tying and winning runs by clouting a double with two on.

In the first inning, Brighton got three runs, but Latin retaliated with two. After Hasiotis had walked, he went to second on a passed ball. Dick Levine walked, putting runners on first and second. Hasiotis then scored from second on an infield error. Levine went to third and later scored on a balk.

Finding themselves behind 6 to 1, in the sixth, the Latinites scored two. Powers walked; Levine singled him to second; Johnson walked, loading the bases; and the hero of the day, Lucido, slammed a single to drive in two.

The team looked vastly improved over its poor showing against "South-

ie." The fielding, however, was still rather weak. Veneziano, Corvi, and Sweeney struck out thirteen batters and gave just one hit. Bases on balls and errors kept Brighton in the game.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Shnider 2b	4	1	0	1
Hasiotis cf	1	0	0	0
Sweeney p	0	0	0	0
Corvi p	1	0	0	1
R. Levine ss	3	0	2	3
Connelly 3b	3	1	1	2
Powers rf	3	0	3	0
M. Levine 1b	4	1	7	0
Johnson lf	3	2	1	0
Lucido c	4	2	13	1
Veneziano p-cf	4	0	0	1

OVER THE FENCES

The pitching improvement certainly paved way for this one, as Brighton could hit safely only once . . . All but one of Brighton's runs were unearned, scored either by walks or errors . . . The timely hitting of Sophomore Joe Lucido cannot be disregarded, as he drove in four important runs . . . Let's hope the Purple improves defensively.

Latin Topped by St. Mark's

In a game played at St. Mark's, Latin dropped a close 6-4 decision to a well-balanced St. Mark's squad. Once again, B.L.S. received superb pitching despite the score, this time by McDonald and Corvi, who together scattered five hits. The home team's speed on the bases, plus a big four-run fifth inning, decided the contest.

Singles by Jack Stebbins, Matt Levine, and Joe Lucido provided Latin with its first run in the second. In the fifth Shnider led off with a walk and went to third on a single by Hasiotis. Both scored as Stebbins reached on an error by the St. Mark's shortstop.

St. Mark's scored four runs in the fifth when, after two walks, first-base-

man Saunders slammed a three-run homer, that proved to be the winning tally. A walk plus two errors produced the other run.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Shnider 2b	4	2	0	2
Hasiotis rf	4	1	0	0
R. Levine ss	4	0	0	1
Connelly 3b	3	0	4	2
Stebbins cf	4	2	0	0
M. Levine 1b	4	1	8	0
Johnson lf	4	0	0	0
Lucido c	4	1	14	1
McDonald p	2	0	1	1
Corvi p	0	0	0	0
Vierra *	1	0	0	0

* Batted for Corvi in ninth



STOLEN BASES

Errors plagued the Purple once again . . . Shnider displayed some amazing base-running in the second inning, when, after singling he stole

second, advanced to third on a fielder's choice, and stole home, completely outwitting the St. Mark's pitcher . . . Still on the brighter side, the offensive stars for B.L.S. were Stebbins and Shnider, who collected two hits apiece.

Latin Whips Jamaica Plain

The team breathed a little easier after defeating an inferior Jamaica Plain squad, 5 to 2. Latin scored once in the first and picked up four more in the second. It was never behind thereafter, as Corvi kept the Jamaicas in check.

Shnider led off the game by drawing a base on balls. Going to second on a fielder's choice he scored on Dick Levine's single. Latin increased the lead to 5 to 0 in the second on a grand-slam homerun by Shnider, scoring Johnson, Lucido, and Corvi.

Jamaica scored in the third on two solid hits, and in the ninth, on a double with two men on. All in all, Bob Corvi pitched an outstanding game as he struck out eleven, allowed only five hits, and yielded just two runs.

It was Connelly's turn to do some base-running in this game, as he stole second and then third after singling in the eighth. The team, as a whole, played a stronger all-around game than at any other time this year, mainly

because of its hustle. If this sort of play continues, B.L.S. will be hard to beat in future games.

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Shnider 2b	3	2	3	2
Stebbins cf	2	0	4	0
R. Levine ss	4	1	2	3
Connelly 3b	4	1	0	2
M. Levine 1b	4	0	6	0
Powers rf	4	0	0	0
Johnson lf	2	0	0	0
Lucido c	4	1	12	0
Corvi p	4	0	0	0

GRAND SLAM

Shnider was the offensive star of this game, reaching base three times. His homerun with the bases loaded proved to be the winning tally . . . Lucido continues to look impressive at the plate . . . The leading batter up to this point is Shnider, who has collected five hits in thirteen times at bat—an average of .308. Stebbins, who has played in two games, has a mark of .333.

Purple Stops Charlestown

Five-hit pitching enabled Latin to defeat Charlestown, 4 to 1. Veneziano, hurling the whole game, scattered the five hits in five different innings. Charlestown's only run was chalked up by a triple with a runner on first. Veneziano held the opposition scoreless from the fourth inning on, allowing but three singles.

Latin didn't get into the scoring column until the fifth, when Stebbins singled, stole second, advanced to third on an infield out, and scored on Connelly's single.

Latin added another run in the seventh, when Shnider, after having walked and stolen second, went to third when Stebbins reached on an error and came in on a fly ball to the outfield. The Purple scored twice in the ninth on Connelly's three-base hit, with Veneziano and Shnider on base.

Latin was an improved defensive team, committing just one miscue. The team is certainly receiving superb

clutch hitting and has taken advantage of most of its scoring opportunities. In the last four games, B.L.S. has scored twenty runs on only twenty-four hits.

	<i>A.B.</i>	<i>B.H.</i>	<i>P.O.</i>	<i>A.</i>
Shnider 2b	2	0	2	0
Stebbins cf	4	1	3	0
R. Levine ss	4	0	4	0
Connelly 3b	5	2	1	2
M. Levine 1b	4	0	3	0
Powers rf	1	0	0	0
Johnson lf	4	0	0	0
Lucido c	3	0	10	1
Veneziano p	4	2	1	0

HATS OFF

Latin's success in the game was due chiefly to its hustle. Six bases were stolen: two by Shnider, two by Stebbins, and one each by Powers, and Connelly. . . . Veneziano had Charlestown popping up all afternoon, as indicated by the small number of assists made by Latin on the field.

Purple Downed by Dorchester

Playing at Roberts Field, Latin was beaten by a hard-hitting Dorchester nine, 8 to 4. The Purple, with only five hits in the game, scored all four runs in the second. After Dorchester had gotten two in the last of the first, Lucido, Coulon, Veneziano, and Shnider walked, scoring one run. With one out, Dick Levine singled in two runs, and Connelly followed with another single driving in the fourth run.

A three-run third for Dorchester put the home team ahead, 6 to 4. The runs were produced on three walks and two singles. From the fourth inning on, both pitchers settled down, with Dorchester scoring the only two runs.

The Purple threatened in the first,

as Shnider singled, Connelly and Tobin walked, filling the bases; but they couldn't score. Veneziano struck out eight batters and received credit for five assists.

Connelly had a perfect day at the plate, with three for three.

	<i>A.B.</i>	<i>B.H.</i>	<i>P.O.</i>	<i>A.</i>
Shnider 2b	3	1	2	2
Stebbins cf	5	0	3	0
R. Levine ss	5	1	0	2
Connelly 3b	3	3	2	0
Tobin rf	3	0	0	0
M. Levine 1b	4	0	8	0
Coulon lf	3	0	0	0
Lucido c	2	0	9	0
Veneziano p	3	0	3	5

Latin Trimmed by Memorial

The scene Shifted to Draper Field, and Latin was on the short end of a 7-1 decision. The Memorial pitcher held the Purple to just two hits.

B.L.S. took first blood in the third, when Stebbins walked and Levine singled him to second. On the next play, Stebbins went to third on an in-field out. With Matt Levine at bat, the Memorial pitcher threw the first ball past the catcher, and Stebbins was able to score.

Roxbury countered with two in the fourth on three singles and a double. It was a tight 2-1 game until Memorial broke out with five runs in the eighth. The runs were scored on just two hits; but bases on balls helped the rally.

For the second straight game, Latin had a golden scoring opportunity in the first inning, as Stebbins walked and

stole second, Levine reached on an error, with Stebbins moving to third. Matt Levine then walked, filling the bases with two outs. Once again, however, the opposing pitcher retired the next batter to end the inning.

The leading batters for B.L.S. in the first eight games of the season are Connelly, with an average of .323 and Shnider with a mark of .308.

Shnider 2b	4	0	9	2
Stebbins cf	2	0	3	0
R. Levine ss	3	1	1	6
Connelly 3b	4	0	2	0
M. Levine 1b	3	0	10	0
Tobin lf	4	0	0	0
Powers rf	2	0	0	0
Lucido c	3	1	1	0
Corvi p	3	0	1	3
Veneziano p	1	0	0	0

Outdoor Track

Latin Captures Opener

The Purple and White tracksters, despite poor weather, had an easy time defeating Memorial and Dorchester at White Stadium. B.L.S. scored 171½ points; Memorial was second with 103½; and Dorchester was far behind.

In the Class A running events, Art Mayo copped the 100-yard dash, and Dick Marshall took first in the 220. Tom Flynn captured the 880 for the second straight year. In the field events, Chet Rose won the broad jump, and Bob Grossman was victorious in both the discus and the javelin.

Dave Rosenthal was undoubtedly the

best individual performer in Class B — taking firsts in the 440, the broad jump, and tying for first in the high jump with Latin's Kev Diggins. Rosenthal's time in the 440 equalled that of last year's, when he broke the Class C record. Other firsts were taken by Charlie Carp in the 100-yard dash and Tom Doyle in the 220. Art Cahn finished second in the 440.

In Class C, Latin placed four winners. Dan Donovan romped in the 440, Bob Katz won the broad jump, Burt Lieberman the high jump, and Ron Preman the shot-put. The Purple romped in all three relays.



B.L.S. Surprise Winner in Relays

A well-balanced Purple Squad upset defending champions, Rindge Tech, in the annual State Relays in Belmont. In capturing the first State Relay title in the history of the school, Latin scored twelve points to ten for Rindge. In the previous twelve years, the Purple could amass only a total of ten points. In the four-event program, Latin won two thirds, a second, and a first. The rain, mud, and strong wind didn't hinder the runners or the officials.

In the two-mile, B.L.S. placed second, being nosed out by English. Art Cahn, Tom Flynn, Bob Doherty, and Bob Holtz ran it in nine minutes flat

The mile featured Chet Rose, Dick Marshall, Dave Rosenthal, and Al Serer. Latin finished third with a time of 3:49.9. Latin also captured third in the 880. Dick Marshall, Charlie Carp, Art Mayo, and Chet Rose had a time of 1:36.2.

The Purple's victory in the 440 gave them the meet. The runners were Al Serer, Dave Rosenthal, Art Mayo, and Charlie Carp. Their time was 47.4 seconds. Last year, Latin scored three points, and in each of the two previous years it got only one point.—Hats off to a sensational team for a great victory!

Latin Third in City

The Latin speedsters scored 83½ points to take third place in the Boston City Championships at White Stadium. English won the meet with 103½ points.

In Class A, Crowley took third in the low hurdles, Mayo won the 100 and the broad jump; Chet Rose captured third in the 440 and second in the pole vault. Tom Flynn finished second in the 880. Troiano won the discus, with Grossman a close second.

Rosenthal again had a field day — this time scoring victories in the 440,

the broad jump, and the high jump in Class B. Other outstanding performers were Carp, Siparsky, Cahn, Doherty, Slovin, and Diggins — finishing either second or third in other events. The relay team finished second.

In Class C, Burt Lieberman took the 50-yard dash and tied for second in the high jump. Bob Katz won the broad jump. Latin's Swepson, Gray, and Donovan also deserve a word of praise for their outstanding performances.



Ebb Tide

NATHANIEL H. LEFF, '55

The wheeling waters, whirling evermore,
Assemble forces for the coming strife;
And, risen high, a towering peak of life,
Upon the boulder-buttressed wall they roar.
They strike, are struck, and, vanquished, leave the shore —
Retreating, beaten, to their nether lair;
While fresh-born floods swirl armed in the mere,
And, undismayed, renew their ceaseless war.

So, too, do we assault our wall of time.
The tides of man strive on to overwhelm;
Yet, ebbing, leave no trace or trace of trace,
To warn the future by their own decline.
And new swarms rise to conquer all the realm,
Unmindful of, unheeding, the earlier race.

EDITORIALS

Solemnity

A rarity in American society is the solemn man. The philosophy today is to laugh at the problems of the world, to spread a smile on the face, to misuse life with a *laissez-faire* attitude towards foreign and domestic affairs.

Which is better? Is it solemnity which leads to better judgment; or jollity which brings friends by admiring caustic jokes and casual dismissal? We were not born to laugh at serious questions, nor to glare at true laughter. If, however, a problem is derided by an individual, it loses importance; and if a number of others is reached by that individual (usually the case with the "happy-time boys"), the number of people evaluating the situation properly and the desire to solve it will be that much less.

Certainly the serious approach will do more good. The battle between solemnity and jollity lies not in philosophies of living, but in the question at hand. It would be ridiculous if a party guest stood at the punch-bowl the entire evening, with a full glass in his hand, staring into space with deep, penetrating eyes and trying to solve labor-and-management crises while the rest of the party was grouped around the piano. Just as ludicrous would be the pot-bellied little man, the symbol of all jokers, sitting in on a tariff-control committee and wisecracking every minute on the dot.

In the end, what will the joker have done? He will have made his companions slightly happy, slightly blind to events going on about them. He will have added to his own ego by watching his friends howl at his ignorant quips. What will the grave man have accomplished? He will have made his companions slightly happy, slightly better off by his efforts to do what he could. He will have added to his own ego by watching one problem being wiped from the map. Solemnity in such affairs may help; frivolity never will.

What Should The Register Do?

The *Latin School Register* is not just a literary magazine to be enjoyed by the students and alumni of B.L.S. It is a means for the student's expression of creative ideas. In a way, it is representative of the times; but it should be more than that. True, the *Register* has won the famous Medalist Award five times; but it should do even more.

Most boys are aware of the rich tradition of B.L.S. Its records are filled with exploits of alumni, many of whom have had a hand in shaping the history of our country. The school fairly breathes tradition. Ministers; philosophers; lawyers; governors, from Leverett to Devere; statesman like Franklin, Hancock, and Adams; even five signers of the Declaration of Independence — all have taken their places in the distinguished ranks of B.L.S. alumni.

What about the present? Boston Latin School is still rated as one of the best preparatory schools in the country and is continuing to graduate men who become leaders in many and varied fields of endeavor.

Thus, the *Register* should be not only an interesting publication; but it should also be an historical record to which its students can point and say: "This is our school; we are proud of it!"

Hands

ALAN FISCH '55

The hands of a pianist,
Powerful, yet limber and quick,
Fingering the keys
With a majestic chord or a light staccato —
These hands mold beauty;
These hands make Music.

The miner's hands,
Calloused and bruised and marred,
Digging coal
Or iron —
These hands labor
To provide the foundation of a nation.
These working hands form Industry.

Look at the hands of a baby:
Small, plump, and dimpled,
Groping into a world of new and wonderful things.
These hands, these little hands,
Hold the future of this country, the world . . .
the universe.

Alumni Profile

The Professor and The Major

WILLIAM KOPLOVSKY '54

I ENTERED THE APARTMENT on Beacon Street and came face to face with a stocky, neatly tailored man, wearing horn-rimmed glasses and crowned by a head of wavy, white hair. A full mustache matched his hair. This was my first meeting with Professor John Charles States Andrew, B.L.S. '92, Harvard (A.B.) '96, (A.M.) '98, Andover Theological Seminary (S.T. B.) '02.

John C. S. Andrew studied at the Boston Latin School for four years. While he was at Latin School, the Harvard crew used red neckerchiefs to distinguish them from their opponents on the Charles. Following their example, the local high and prep schools began to choose colors. This task was in due course taken on by the Class of 1892 at Latin School.

Several color combinations were submitted, and there were good reasons for each. John Andrew, an advocate of the Purple and White, won the argument by saying that "purple is made up of red and blue, and, with the white, we have the colors of our flag." E.H.S., by the way, did not choose their colors until eight years later.

It was with the account of how and why Latin chose Purple and White as its colors that my story was supposed to end; but Professor Andrew has had such a remarkable life and had so many interesting things to tell me that I believe you will enjoy them, too.

After completing four years at B.L.S. (the only course offered at the time), he entered Harvard in 1892. He received his bachelor of arts degree in 1896 and his master's in 1898. When he had served as a university assistant at Harvard for two years, he entered Andover Theological Seminary, from which he received the degree of bachelor of sacred theology degree in two years instead of the customary three.

He did not enter the ministry; but with his license to preach, he did do "some church work."

Between 1902 and 1904, Professor Andrew was at Quaker College (now William Penn) in Iowa, where he was in charge of the history and economics departments. In 1904 he went to Colby College, where, for two years, he had charge of the departments of history, economics, and sociology. In 1906 he joined the teaching staff of Boston University and still teaches an "occasional class" there. John C. S. Andrew is Professor Emeritus at B.U.

When the First World War came along, Professor Andrew became Warrent Officer Andrew with the American Educational Corps. He served overseas with the famed Third Battalion.

Professor Andrew, who stated that his Latin School education had been a great help in furthering his career, said, "Education at Boston Latin gives a character to the studies. It gives dignity, if nothing else."

I asked if the professor would care to give any advice to the boys. He said that the most important lesson one could learn was, "Make friends! You have at Latin a rare group of boys with high character and ability. Keep these friends *all through life!* The men at B.L.S. are in a choice, select group. Not only the students, but also the instructors, are uniform in outstanding quality. Study the roster of great men . . . who have been graduated from Latin. You have a reputation to live up to!"

As I was leaving, Professor John Charles States Andrew told me to remember this: "With high honors and gifts given, there is a great responsibility to keep high the spirit, character, and ability of Latin School men—students and teachers, both."

Alumni Notes

ROBERT H. LISS '55

At a recent meeting of the Southwestern Hospital Conference of Pennsylvania, Mr. Sidney Bergman, '16, was elected President of the organization. Bergman, who visited many hospitals in Switzerland and Italy last summer, highlighted his continental journey with a trip to Pompeii, as the guest of Professor Amendeo Maiuri, director of archaeological excavations.

A profound sorrow was felt by the student body and faculty upon learning of the death of Allan Edward Cohen, '53. As a student at Harvard University and the Hebrew Teachers College, Allan had proved himself not only as a scholar but also as a friend. His memory will live forever with those who knew him.

Requiescat In Pace

Clifton R. Wharton Jr., '43, former division head of the American International Association for Economic and Social Development, has joined a special staff at the Center for Economic Development and Cultural Change at the University of Chicago. The staff, sponsored by the National Planning Association and the Ford Foundation, is now engaged in an evaluative survey of all U.S. technical work in Latin America.

The Reverend Frank E. Gartland, '28, is the present Editor of the *Catholic Boy*. The magazine, which is published by the Holy Cross Fathers, originates at the University of Notre Dame, in Indiana.

One of Latin School's most famous alumni in the field of music — Leonard Bernstein, '35, — composer-conductor and head of the Fine Arts Department of Brandeis University, has been named as one of the Ten Most Outstanding Men in Greater Boston, by the Boston Junior Chamber of Commerce.

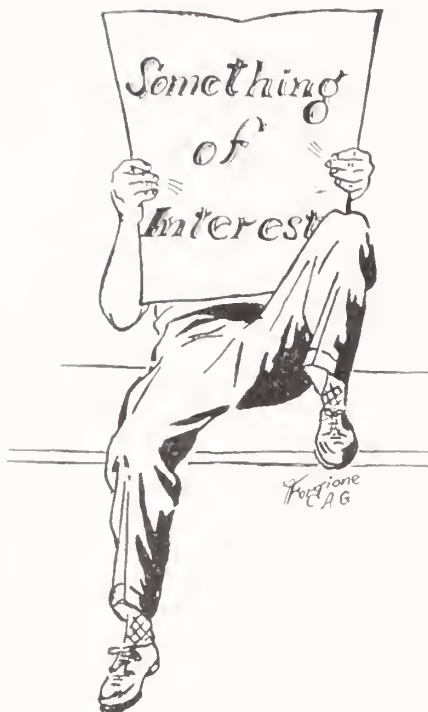
The Boston Latin School Association has announced the election of Dr. Eli Romberg, '09, and Mr. Charles W. Supple, '07, to the offices of President and Treasurer, respectively. Dr. Romberg is a retired member of the faculty of the Harvard Medical School, while Mr. Supple is the Vice-President of the Merchants National Bank of Boston.

The Office of the Professor of Military Science and Tactics at Harvard University has announced the promotion of Albert Joseph Kliman, '50, to the rank of Cadet Corporal in the Harvard University Field Artillery ROTC Battalion. As part of the ROTC program, Cadet Kliman will attend the Artillery's six-week ROTC training camp at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, this coming summer.

Charles E. Herlihy, '29, Executive Vice-President of Whiting Milk Company, has announced that the concern has been named distributor for the Mac Cadam Dairy Products, Inc., of New York. Whiting's will distribute the dairy products in the Eastern Massachusetts and Rhode Island area.

A recent appointment to the faculty of Harvard University is that of Norman R. Shapiro, '47. A former President of the Harvard *Cercle Français*, Mr. Shapiro will assume the post of instructor in French at the University.

Bernard Bennett '31, graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, is the composer of "Après Moi," new hit song being sung by Eartha Kitt. Bennett also wrote "A Moth and a Flame," "A Band of Gold," "Let By-gones be By-gones," and many others recorded by R.C.A. and Mercury.



BY NORMAN PATZ '55



Third Prize: Major Anthony Salvucci,
8th Co.

Fourth Prize: Major Charles Schroeder,
9th Co.

Fifth Prize: Major Michael Lofchie,
7th Co.

* * * *

Owing to the inclement weather of April 28, the Prize Drill program was divided into two parts. On Wednesday, the Regimental competition was held. All the companies acquitted themselves well, as was shown in the close scoring. On Thursday morning, the awarding of prizes by Lt. CDR. Cannon and the revue was held.

— *First Regiment* —

First Prize: Colonel Warren Becker,
9th Co.

Second Prize: Colonel Jerome Sherman,
10th Co.

Third Prize: Lt. Colonel John Boussy,
8th Co.

Fourth Prize: Major Robert Spillane,
3rd Co.

Fifth Prize: Major Joseph Scarpato,
4th Co.

Sixth Prize: Major David Anthes, 5th
Co.

— *Second Regiment* —

First Prize: Colonel Robert Dunbar,
10th Co.

Second Prize: Lt. Colonel Paul Martino,
4th Co.

Class Day exercises were held Wednesday, April 14. Members of Classes I and II enthusiastically heard the address by the Senior Class President, John Boussy. Following him, Mark Mollivar delivered the Oration. Four Aardvarks — Malcolm Elias, Marshall Horwitz, Herbert Milstein, and Hillel Shore — gave the Class Prophecy, which dealt with the conjectured future of the graduates. The Class Poem was recited by its author, Keith O'Donnell; and, as an added feature, the Senior Octet, consisting of *seven* members, offered vocal selections. Harvey Pressman, Irwin Derman, and Frederick Shanfield delivered the Class Will. As is the custom, the major address of the day was given by a member of the 25-year class: Edward Hickey, '29, U.S. Department of Justice. Musical interludes were furnished by the B.L.S. Band, under the direction of Joseph Trongone; and the Class song, written by Richard Finkel, and Benjamin Rapoport was sung by the Members of Class I.

The Members of the Debating Club showed their prowess again on March first in a debate before the Junior and Senior Classes. The topic was "Should Deferments be Granted to Students with Superior College Records?" The participants were, for the affirmative, Arnold Gerald Coran and Robert Henry Liss; for the negative, Bernard Arthur Geller and Alan Jay Clayton — all of Class II. The Moderator was Carney Edward Gavin of Class III.

* * * *

Unlike other years, the Career Day Program was divided into four assemblies — held on March 18, 19, 22, and 23, respectively. At the first one, attended by Classes I, II, and III, Mr. Sidney Rabb, '16, Chairman of the Board of the *Stop and Shop Markets*, discussed the advantages and opportunities in business, super markets in particular. Samuel Silverman, '11, — former Corporation Counsel of the City of Boston — then spoke on that honorable profession, the Law . . . On Friday, March 19, Joseph F. Conlon, '24 — Manager of the Hotel Bradford — spoke of a career in the hotel field. Then William T. Cloney, '29 — Sports Editor of *The Boston Post* — told in lively fashion of the problems of a newspaperman . . . At the third assembly, on Monday, March 22, Right Reverend Monsignor Edward G. Murray, '21 — formerly Rector, St. John's Seminary — spoke on the work of the clergy. This year, the guests spoke only on the particular field in which they are engaged, thereby giving the boys an insight into specific professions. In stating the case for education, Dr. John J. Desmond, '05 — Commissioner of Education, Massachusetts — told of the lack of and the need for teachers, not only in this state, but throughout the country . . . On the final Career Day program, Tuesday, March 23, Dr. John H. Holleran, '23 — Senior Surgeon, Melrose and Winchester Hospitals — presented the arguments for a career in medicine, a "most noble and selfless job." As the final speaker, Robert H. Parker, '34 — Department Head, Jordan Marsh Company — talked on retailing, telling of the dif-

ficulties and the challenge offered in this field. On behalf of the student body, the *Register* extends thanks to the speakers, who gave generously of their valuable time to address us.

* * * *



On March 15, a new program was undertaken by the Latin School, in co-operation with other Massachusetts schools and under the direction of the State Department of Education. Participating were John Dobbyn, John Page, Seymour Simches, Peter Nordahl, and Kevin O'Brien, with Mr. Avery as faculty adviser. This group received the guests from Hingham High (co-ed), showed them through the school, then went to a luncheon, and finally proceeded to City Hall. There they witnessed a session of the City Council and interviewed Mayor Hynes. This program was initiated to initiate students in the methods of town government.

* * * *

For this year's *Know English* Contest, which deals with English word derivations from Latin, the Latin School contingent consisted of Charles Berlin, Bernard Geller, and Thomas Harrington. This team, aided ably by Messrs. McCarthy and Hopkinson, went on to Philadelphia, on March 19, to secure second place in the national competition. In the individual competition, Bernard Geller was awarded second prize; Thomas Harrington, fourth; Charles Berlin, eighth. By the way, the "bête noire" of the contest was "plot": *complicitum* — *complicare* — *c u m* + *plicare*.

The Purple and White Junior Prom—held Friday evening, May 14, at the Hub Room, Sheraton Plaza—was attended by many members of Class II (with dates). The *Register's* compliments to Hank Brandli and his girl, who was chosen queen of the Prom. After the affair, the couples distributed themselves by means of motor-cars at eating-places throughout the city and its environs. Needless to say, the dance and the entire evening was a success for the ambitious Juniors who took part.

* * * *

Voices, unaided by microphones, rang through the Assembly Hall on Friday, April 9th, as Classes I and II were audience to the Fifth Public Declamation. Declaimers were Neal Kozodoy and David Book Pauley of Class VI; Burton Alan Melnick and John William Whelan of Class V; David Edward Kozodoy and Mark Jay Mirsky of Class IV; Arthur Henry Martin, Edward Haven Pauley, and David Sumner Spiel of Class III; John Francis Dobbyn, Conrad Theodore Donovan, and James Heard Grier of Class II; and Herbert Esar Milstein, Alan Joseph Ward, and Chester Lewis Rose of the Senior Class.

* * * *

Cigars and cigarettes blossomed forth as members of the Senior class attended the Latin School Alumni Banquet, held Wednesday, May 12. The presence of these adjuncts, plus hearty food and drink, was gratifying. The student body will be proud to know that the Alumni Association is worth about \$124,000 in securities and stocks. Following the business meeting and dinner, many of the Seniors adjourned to Nantasket to inspect the beach.

* * * *

The novel assembly of Tuesday, May 11, served a dual purpose. Members of Class I saw Chester Rose present a beautiful trophy, won as first prize in the State Relays held at Belmont, to Mr. McKim. Then Mr. Conway, a representative of the Bell Telephone Company, explained to the boys the intricacies of the microwave television

relay system, with a practical demonstration and an interesting movie. It is worth noting that both the sound and the picture work simultaneously.

* * * *



At the assembly on Tuesday, April 27, members of Classes II and III saw thirty-five Juniors and one Senior inducted into the B.L.S. Chapter of the National Honor Society. Paul Martino, who presided at the ceremony, gave the pledge to the inductees. Isaac Druker, Charles Berlin, Donald Benander, and Nicholas Walshe spoke on the four requisites for admission to the society: scholarship, leadership, service and character.

* * * *

Mr. Judson T. Shaplin, director of freshman scholarships at Harvard, recently announced the scholarship grants to this year's class. Of 114 scholarships given to Massachusetts students, fifteen went to the following Latin School boys of the Class of 1954: Robert L. Homsy, Herbert E. Milstein, John C. Saber, Nicholas Walshe, Joel D. Mack, Richard M. Finkel, John A. Boussy, Thomas M. Harrington, Marshall S. Horwitz, Richard O. Neville, Harold S. Shelnut, Henry L. Tafe, Charles Berlin, Kenneth S. Berman, and Arthur W. Mayo. The *Register* extends its heartiest congratulations to these boys.



REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

D. LYONS
W. MORGAN

March 8: Wall Street reports a 50% jump in the common stock of the National Shovel Company. Looks as if Mr. Cloney thoroughly convinced the boys to "dig that bait".

March 9: In keeping with the current trend of "something for nothing", the master of 203 is awarding free tickets for "Julius Caesar" to those "chillun" who receive "Appro Stinko" for the current month.

One March Monday: *Ye R.R.R.* is heading a committee to reconsider making B.L.S. co-ed. Any connection between this announcement and the visitors from Hingham High School is purely HEAR-SEE.

Le Mardi Gras: A spokesman for the 229 Grange has denied rumors that the disappearance of the hamsters has anything to do with the change in the hot-lunch menu.

March 10: Isn't nature wonderful! *Ye R.R.R.* witnessed his first sunrise today. The reason was a recently installed extracurricular activity known as the tutoring system.

March 11: *Collier's Magazine* was scarce in Boston this week since one 3rd-floor master started papering his walls with pictures of his "better boys".

March 12: *Between bars at the Music Club.*

Bing: Why don't you join the group?

Perry: I have no voice.

Bing: Why should that stop you?

March 16: Suggested by some of the "hats" as the ideal phys-ed uniform: one-button roll sweat-shirt, canary yellow Mr. B. T-shirt, pegged leopard-skin shorts with black suede belt (3'8" wide), blue suede sneakers with purple and white crepe soles and socks to match.

March 17: St. Patrick's Day accounted for the annual evacuation of Boston Latin School.

March 18: A poll taken among the members of Class II concerning McCarthy's methods brought forth the following results: Overwhelmingly, the Juniors did not like the exercises he is conducting these days. Point of order, Mr. Chairman.

March 19: Seven choices were offered to Class II as electives. It's all very simple. The simplicity of it all was proved by the end of the assembly. Doubtful boys are now certain they are doubtful.

March 20: In compliance with the McCarren-Miller Act which requires registration of all alien property, a

- certain Latin master is requiring all pupils to register possession of foreign ponies.
- Carcer Day*: Mr. Jordan Marsh's joke about the loud suit and the salesman failed to impress Latin School boys, who undoubtedly know that all dogs are color-blind. (Well, we can't all be funny!)
- March 21*: *Ye R.R.R.* won a staring contest with a certain master in 203. Net result: four marks . . . Whatsa matter, sir? Sore loser?
- March 22*: *Gleaned from the Drop-pings*
GIRL: You must really be proud to go to such a great school as Latin. I read all about it in *Collier's*
BOY: " *&*(!\$) . . . (censored.)
- March 23*: Dungarees are not allowed. Perhaps there is a limit to this high style.
- March 24*: *From a Latin School wit*:
 Spring has sprung,
 The grass has riz;
 I wonder where
 The flowers is.
- March 25*: Jack E. Zewel of Class VI won today's Locker Number Sweepstakes. As his prize, he will receive a red velvet and sterling coat-hanger designed by the new Head of the Coat-Hanger Department.
- March 26*: *Overheard in 222*:
Teacher: Mate, ya know who did it?
Mate: No, sir.
Teacher: Dit-dit-dah-dah did it. What's a matter, mate? Ya know all the answers; ya just won't ask the quuuuestions!
- April 1*: In the Faculty - N.H.S. basketball game the students were badly defeated, which all "shows to go" that muscles as well as wisdom come with age.
- April 2*: The most fascinating news story of the week (English High Division): Theodore Bass, freshman, used to keep all his books in his desk; but he doesn't any more.
- April 3*: Representatives of the Key "Klub" were told to appear before the Senate Labor Investigation Committee today, for alleged violation of the Trade Union Act. "Guess even Latin School boys can't wash cars without union cards".
- April 4*: The Commissar-General of the Phys. Ed. Dept. announced today that volunteers are desperately needed for his army. C.G.B.—points out that in joining his corps one may be deferred from R.O.T.C. . . . WHAT?
- April 6*: The Camera Club held its election of officers today. Certain candidates were found to be stuffing *ye olde* ballot-box with photostatic copies of votes.
- April 8*: Members of the Science Club were today treated to a most entertaining movie on "The Life of Plants", which one of the members managed to sneak by the censors.
- April 12*: A Kiwanis Scholarship is being offered. The "key" to the situation is the Key Club.
- April 14*: Class Day: To Latin School firsts was added the first and probably only seven-man octet in existence.
- April 16*: *Ye R.R.R.* is starting his vacation today. You lucky people!!!
- April 25*: Attention! This is "Be Kind to Animals Week". The Aardvaarks will gladly accept all offerings of flies' eyes, bees' knees, and other goodies.
- April 26*: The "Non Credo" Dept. (copied in its entirety from the R.R.R. manuscript.) *Ye R.R.R.* wonders why no one will believe him when he says he spent the whole vacation cramming for the First-Aid examination.
- April 27*: At today's Honor Society assembly, a well-known Headmaster turned in a sparkling performance in the field of differential calculus by expounding his new theory — "If 36 be subtracted from 70, the remainder be — er . . . um, ahh . . . oh, oh, OH, Yes—34." SPLENDID!
- April 28*: It has been emphatically denied by the office that a salesman from a large, well-known emporium—that-sells-drill-uniforms (W h e w !) was allowed on Prize Drill Day to rent out uniforms and distribute free booklets, entitled "The Art of Quick-Change" or "You, too, can Burn a Shirt".
- Sign on Board of 207: All make-up exams April 31, after school. HMM?
- April 29*: The Review just didn't seem

the same this year. *Ye R.R.R.* missed Alice's old familiar smile.

April 30: After the giving of the "commissions", someone announced the investigations will begin Monday; they will not be TV'd.

May 1: Time for another vacation!

May 3: Another long weekend. Got censured . . . Too many vacations!!

May 5: A Red conflagration, aided by a Leeward wind raged through G.L.S. today. In this fire the sophomore class may have lost Muzzey. (R.I.P.) [Explanation: Some textbooks were investigated by Mr. Pearson.]

May 6: Room 235 was the scene of one of the best jokes in years. As if in a television studio, the master displayed a "Quiet" sign. Ha, Ha?

May 7: Teacher: Edelstein, Edelstein!!
Edelstein: What, sir? What did I do now?

Teacher: Nothing; I was just trying to pronounce your name!

May 8: To all othose who are wondering what Mr. Martin Kane meant when he said *severance* to those coming in late. It's just another way of putting the famous proverb: "Near-sies Don't Count."

May 9: Continuing in his search for new ways to avoid exams, *Ye R.R.R.* has come upon this old Russian saying: "You gotta history test you don't wanna take? Report the book as subversive."

May 10: Two years ago it was *Bobby Rittenberg*; last year it was *Johnny Kannegieser*; and this year . . . Mayo!!!

May 11: Most of the Seniors left today. Their sadness in leaving *Alma Mater* could be sensed. Each one made the same remark: "Am I glad to get out of this place!"

May 12: Aardvarkia's annual banquet was held today — The menu:



Hors d' oeuvres Speisekarte
Wienerschnitzel Beetle wine
Milch Fliegen Fleisch
Schlagsanne Creme des Antlegs
frappé
Kartoffel Chüppen Deck of
cards + chips (dessert)
*ACHTUNG! Man muss seinen
eigenen Gefüllte Fisch und Kreplach
bringen.* Attention! Each one must
bring his own flies' eyes, bees' knees,
and roast pismires.

May 13: In conjunction with the current CD tests, members of the Room 119 staged their own "Duck+Cover" session to the wailing of the 119 Glee Club."

May 14: The master of all Aardvarks was seen today, escorted by five Brink's guards, carrying several pictures of U.S. Grant. When queried, the "Wise old Owl" denied that he is trying to corner the market on play tickets in Boston.

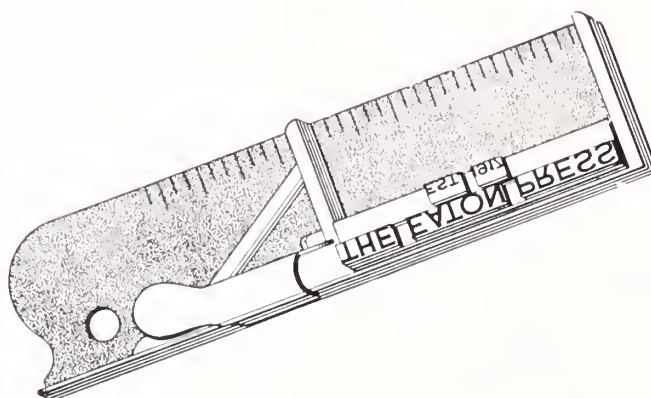
May 17: Junior Prom-no money,
Tried to park-no honey;
Don't know how to finish this rhyme,
Never mind; today's DEADLINE!!!



"The reward of a thing well done is to have done it."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1817)
New England Reformers

Printers of Prize Winners



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